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THUNDERBOLTS®

PARKER • SEPULVEDA

"I never thought I'd care so much about these misfit baddies who are trying to do some good...the book is worth checking out."

AintItCoolNews.com

"(Jeff) Parker, in delivering this closing salvo of this version of the Thunderbolts, continues to exude amazing comprehension of the Marvel Universe with seemingly relative ease. From Agents of Atlas to Thunderbolts, and the Avengers featured therein, there doesn't seem to be a character that he cannot write."

ComicBookResources.com

THE THUNDERBOLTS VS. THE AGENTS OF ATLAS AND THE MIGHTY AVENGERS!

Norman Osborn's secret black ops Thunderbolts team has been a ticking time bomb from the onset, and it finally explodes in this tie-in to Siege, the epic crossover event seven years in the making! Every man for himself is the name of the game as the Thunderbolts battle powerful new foes and one another to complete their objectives and, more importantly, serve their own agendas.

First, Osborn gives the directive to eliminate his former business partners the Agents of Atlas, but Jimmy Woo and his team of 1950s oddballs aren't about to go down quietly! Then, when Osborn's forces invade Asgard, the fabled home of the Norse gods, the psychotic squad sneaks in to retrieve a legendary weapon that could turn the tide of battle. But they'll have to fight the mythical and the mighty as they collide with the Avengers! Who will survive the chaos as Osborn's leadership of the Thunderbolts draws to a close in these electrifying final missions?

Collecting *Thunderbolts #138-143,* written by Jeff Parker (*Agents of Atlas*) and illustrated by Miguel Sepulveda (*The Thanos Imperative*) with Wellinton Alves (*Nova*).

T+

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DARK REIGN™

SCOURGE TAKES COMMAND OF THE THUNDERBOLTS®

PARKER
SEPULVEDA
MARTIN

After being appointed the head of H.A.M.M.E.R. – S.H.I.E.L.D.'s replacement organization – Norman Osborn, once known as the villainous Green Goblin, publicly disbanded his hero-hunting Thunderbolts. Unbeknownst to the world at large, Osborn then replaced them with a team of covert operatives answerable only to himself.

THUNDERBOLTS

Recently, in a startling act of insubordination, Paladin, Headsman and Ghost helped the heroes known as Black Widow and Songbird escape from H.A.M.M.E.R incarceration. Ghost then erased the memories of Mr. X and Scourge to maintain team unity – however, Ant-Man secretly witnessed the act of defiance.

Later, Ghost sabotaged the "Hero Program" — an initiative attempting to mentally manipulate the Avengers known as Iron Fist and Luke Cage into joining the Thunderbolts. After two betrayals, who on the team can be trusted? And how will the Thunderbolts move forward when each member is looking over their shoulder?

HEADSMAN

GHOST

PALADIN

MR. X

SCOURGE

ANT-MAN

JEFF PARKER
WRITER

MIGUEL SEPULVEDA
ARTIST

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WHERE ARE YOU-- WHERE *ARE* *YOU...*

I KNOW YOU'RE--

SHUNK

YAAAHH!

SHUNK

NO ONE ESCAPES ME FOREVER.

FOR I AM *THE BEST.*

THE *VERY BEST.*

EVENTUALLY ALL FALL...

...TO MR. X.

WHA--?!

I KNOW YOU'RE HERE!

I KNOW WHERE YOU ARE!

GHOST!

CAN'T A PERSON WATCH OVER HIS TEAMMATE?

KLANNG

SPSSSSSSSSS

BECOME TANGIBLE... JUST FOR A *SECOND!*

A *HALF-* SECOND, IT'S ALL I'LL NEED! DID YOU THINK YOU COULD KILL ME IN MY *SLEEP?*

I WAS ONLY OBSERVING.

I NEED TO KNOW THE **CONDITION** OF THE PEOPLE I WORK WITH. IF THEY ARE UNDER...**MENTAL DURESS.**

I WASN'T *BEFORE,* BUT I ASSURE YOU...

...YOU'D DO WELL TO STAY INTANGIBLE--*FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE!*

MY LIFE...AND ALL OF THE THUNDERBOLTS... DEPEND ON YOU BEING--WELL, IF NOT **SANE**, AT LEAST **EVEN-KEELED.**

I CAN TELL FROM YOUR FITFUL SLEEP THAT YOU ARE UNEASY. **AGITATED.**

YOU HAVEN'T KILLED IN SOME TIME.

YOU WERE JUST **THWARTED** IN YOUR ATTEMPTS TO SNUFF IRON FIST AND LUKE CAGE WHEN THEY ESCAPED THROUGH THE TELEPORTER.

I BELIEVE THIS IS... **EATING** YOU ALIVE. AND OSBORN HAS GIVEN US NO MISSION IN **DAYS.** A KILLING MACHINE ISN'T BUILT TO LIVE AND LET LIVE, IS IT?

I'M NOT LIKE YOU, SO I CAN'T KNOW. BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE THAT CLOSURE?

HOW LONG CAN YOU LAST WITHOUT BRINGING A SERIOUS CHALLENGER TO HIS END?

OUT OF MY ROOM, WRETCH. MY FACULTIES ARE MORE THAN CLEAR.

THEN I APOLOGIZE. MAYBE I'M JUST **ANXIOUS** FROM NOT BEING IN THE FIELD.

I WILL NOT BOTHER YOU AGAIN.

IDIOT.

BUT IT *HAS* BEEN...

...TOO LONG...

FOUR HOURS LATER.

THE GYM IS DOWN THE HALL, ANT-MAN.

OR DO YOU REALLY JUST LAY AROUND AND WATCH DAYTIME TV LIKE A *LOSER?* OPRAH TELL YOU TO DO THAT?

HEY, I DID MY REPS AFTER LUNCH, PALADIN. WHAT ELSE ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO WITH NO MISSION?

BESIDES, "*ROCKFORD FILES*" IS ON.

HEY, ONE OF THE EARLY ONES, TOO.

I AM NOT KIDDING, BRO. I STRAIGHT-LOVE ME SOME ROCKFORD.

MY BOY JIMMY CAN HELP YOU FIND HIM!

HA HA HA HA!

NOW, ROCKY, COME ON!

BRKKSHH

REPORT FOR DUTY!

AH JEEZ!

WHAT--?!

MR. X HAS LEFT THE CUBE WITHOUT CLEARANCE, MAKING UNAUTHORIZED USE OF THE TELEPORT CHAMBER.

GHOST IS SENDING US TO THE LAST COORDINATES USED, IT'S A ONE-WAY TRIP...

"...AND WE WILL RETRIEVE OUR TEAMMATE DEAD OR ALIVE!"

THE VENEZUELA/COLOMBIA BORDER.

WHERE THE HELL DID THAT MACHINE DUMP ME?

SOUTH AMERICA?

OH.

I APOLOGIZE, FATE.

YOU'RE BEING TOO KIND.

GUERILLAS IN A BORDER CONFLICT.

ARMED. *DANGEROUS.*

NO ONE WHO WILL EVER BE MISSED.

URHHK--!

SLSH

¿QUÉ?

ME LLAMO SEÑOR X.

SEÑOR MUERTE.

THUNK

AHHK--

¡WE'RE UNDER ATTACK-- FIRE!¡

BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA

ZING

ZING

ZING

HA!

¡VÁMONOS!

A SMALL ARMY... IT'S ALMOST FAIR.

<SPREAD OUT! COVER MORE GROUND-- HURRY!>

I CAN HEAR MY BLOOD RACING FROM HEAD TO FOOT.

THE SMELL OF EVERYTHING... MORE *PUNGENT.* STRONGER.

I CAN HEAR EVERY FOOTFALL.

THIS IS WHAT IT MEANS TO BE *ALIVE.*

MORE ALIVE...

=KAAH... AHHKK...=

...THAN ANYONE.

THUNDERBOLTS ACTIVE DUTY ROSTER

COLOMBIA? WHY DID HE TRANSPORT HERE?

HEADSMAN

HE PROBABLY HIT ONE OF THE RANDOM PRESETS ON THE GLOBAL LOCATOR.

GHOST

PALADIN

ANT-MAN

MR. X IS IN VIOLATION OF MISSION PARAMETERS.

WE WILL SCOUT THE AREA IN QUADRANTS AND REPORT TO THE GROUP WHEN HE IS SIGHTED. IF HE DOES NOT COME PEACEABLY--

SCOURGE

INCOMING!

YAH!

BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA

SORRY, YOU CAN'T HIT A SHADOW.

BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA

ENOUGH OF THAT, CHE.

BZZZT

STAND DOWN!

BLAM

WHOA!

STAND--

--DOWN!

CRACKK

CRACKK

OH...UH... WOW...

THE OTHERS HAVE FLED.

SCOURGE, WHOSE ARMY IS THIS?

THESE ARE ***FARC GUERILLAS,*** SKIRMISHING WITH VENEZUELAN FORCES. THE JUNGLES HERE ARE FULL OF THEM, SO KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN.

NOW ***MOVE!***

I BETTER NOT GET LEECHES ON ME...

HMM. HE'S HERE ALL RIGHT. LOOK AT THE TRAIL OF BLOOD.

OUCH. AH.

CRAP...

FRANK. WE'RE COMING FOR YOU.

YOU LEFT US BEHIND.

WE'VE PUT A LOT OF MONEY IN YOU, BOY.

YOU SERVE ONE *FLAG*. YOU HAVE ONE GENERAL.

DO YOU REMEMBER ME, YANKEE?

WE REMEMBER *YOU*, FRANK.

WE MISS YOU. COME WITH US.

EMBRACE THE WORLD YOU MADE.

ACKNOWLEDGE ME, SOLDIER.

YOU KNOW I AM HERE. I AM *WITH YOU!*

THERE IS NOTHING BUT THE *MISSION.*

ME AND THE MISSION.

YAAH-- DON'T *SHOOT!*

ANT-MAN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SCANNING TO THE *EAST!*

SORRY, DOG--I MEAN *"BOSS"--* I'M GOING!

LUNATIC.

I KNOW YOU'RE HERE.

HUH?

I KNOW WHERE YOU ARE!

I ASSURE YOU--I'LL KILL YOU--

KLCK

--A HALF-SECOND-- IT'S ALL I'LL NEED!

NOT IF I GET YOU *FIRST*, X!

AND I'M GOING TO!

WHO DARES--?!

I DO! AIN'T NO ONE BROUGHT DOWN THE HEADSMAN, AND **YOU** AIN'T GONNA GET THE CHANCE!

WEAPON X

THINK YOU'RE SO BADASS, BUT YOU'RE JUST A *RICH WUSS* WITH A *BIG MOUTH!*

YOU CAUGHT ME WHEN MY ATTENTION WAS ON THE KILL, HILLBILLY.

THAT WAS YOUR BEST CHANCE. I CAN ANTICIPATE EVERY MOVE YOUR *INBRED* MIND WILL MAKE, NOW.

TEAM LEADER, I AM AT MR. X'S LOCATION! FOLLOW MY TRANSPONDER!

I HAVE A READ ON YOUR SIGNAL, GHOST-- MAINTAIN YOUR POSITION!

HOW DID A KNUCKLE-DRAGGER LIKE YOU END UP WITH SUCH A WEAPON ANYWAY?

HRRK--

DOESN'T MATTER. IT'S *MINE* NOW.

FRRIPP

OF COURSE... I'LL NEED TO TEST IT OUT.

N-NNAW...

DROP THAT WEAPON!

AHH!

YOU ARE A.W.O.L., OPERATIVE!

YOU DID NOT HAVE PERMISSION TO LEAVE THE CUBE!

KI--

KRAK

YOU WILL REPORT BACK TO BASE WITH US TO BE QUESTIONED BY DIRECTOR OSBORN!

YOU MAY FACE INCARCERATION OR...

...A FIRING SQUAD.

RAAAH!

DON'T KNOW WHY... CAN'T *READ* YOU WELL...

...LIKE A CACOPHONY OF *VOICES* IN YOUR HEAD...

BUT I *AM* THE SUPERIOR WARRIOR AND *YOU WILL* FALL.

UH-OH.

THEY'RE GOING TO *KILL* EACH OTHER!

YOU KNOW WHAT? I'M COOL WITH THAT.

YEAH...

...I THINK SOMEONE *ELSE* ON THE TEAM IS, TOO.

WHAT SHOULD WE DO?

YOU WANT TO GET IN BETWEEN THEM?

NEGATORY.

THEN LET'S LET THEM SETTLE IT.

EITHER WAY, WE LOSE A PSYCHO. *MORE* IF WE'RE LUCKY.

YAAHHH!
NNGHHH!
SHHRRP
WHAT THE HELL WAS *THAT*, SOLDIER?
WHOSE ORDERS ARE YOU FOLLOWING?!
I WAS TRYING TO CHOP *HIM!* I AR--
YOU TRIED TO *DISEMBOWEL* ME!
DAMN IT ALL, I COULD HAVE PUT YOU *BOTH* DOWN...
...BUT YOU ATTRACTED HALF THE *COLOMBIAN ARMY!*
BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA
PROTECT OUR FLANK!

WE'RE SURROUNDED!

THEN THERE'S NO CHOICE...

...WE BETTER ARM OUR TEAM.

HEADS UP!

I PREFER MY KILLS WITH A MORE *PERSONAL* TOUCH, BUT...

BLAM BLAM BLAM

AAIIEEE!

...CONSIDER THEM *WELL DONE.*

WHAT IS THIS, A *BARBECUE*? I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO ACE A PLATOON, HOSS.

THUNDERBOLTS, STRAFE THIS AREA!

AND WHERE IS *GHOST*?!

BRAKKA
BRAKKA
HE'S...
...DRAWING FIRE!
AHHGH!
HHGARG!
THINK YOU BOYS ARE THE *BIG KILLIN' MACHINES* OF THIS TEAM?
WATCH ME NOW!
HEADS UP!
AHHH— OH GOD, GET ME THE HELL OUT OF HERE!
MAKE IT *STOP!*
CASH IN THAT *STUN GUN* FOR REAL ARMAMENT, PALADIN!
WE ARE USING *LETHAL FORCE!*

WHABBOOMM

<THEY ARE DEMONS! THEY--> AAGGH!

BRING IT! THERE'S GOTTA BE SOME MORE!

I THINK YOU MEN KILLED EVERYBODY IN THE REGION, HEAD.

THEY'RE COMING IN FROM ABOVE!

HOLD YOUR FIRE...

...IT'S THE ZEUS!

RIGHT ON TIME.

ALL THUNDERBOLTS ARE ORDERED TO EVAC ON THE DOUBLE!

THE DIRECTOR WILL BE CONTACTING YOU SHORTLY!

TWO HOURS LATER. U.S. AIRSPACE.

=SSKRRRKK= HAILING ON CLOSED FREQUENCY OMEGA 6...

YOU ARE THROUGH, DIRECTOR OSBORN =KRRRT=

THANK YOU. GHOST, THIS IS A CLOSED TRANSMISSION JUST FOR YOU.

I'VE BEEN PUTTING TOGETHER THE FEEDS FROM THIS LITTLE EXCURSION OF MR. X'S.

AND IT'S MY OPINION THAT **SOMEONE** WOUND HIM UP AND SET HIM LOOSE. SOMEONE WHO WOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE LEAVING THE TELEPORTER SET TO SEND HIM INTO A WAR ZONE.

A FINE PLACE TO PUT SOME OF OUR MORE ULTRAVIOLENT AGENTS IN A CAT-MOUSE SITUATION. SPARKS WOULD HAVE TO FLY.

IT RAISES INTRIGUING ***QUESTIONS*** AS TO WHY SOMEONE MIGHT ENGINEER SUCH A THING.

THE OBVIOUS ANSWER, TO KILL OFF SOME TEAM MEMBERS ONE DOESN'T ENJOY. EITHER THEY WOULD NIX EACH OTHER, OR SOME OF THE LOCAL GUERILLAS MIGHT, JUST GOING BY THE ODDS.

ANOTHER THOUGHT OCCURS TO ME AS WELL.

THAT ***SOMEONE*** THOUGHT PUTTING THESE RABID LONE WOLVES SOMEWHERE THAT THEY HAD TO BOND AS A UNIT WOULD BE USEFUL.

PROBABLY NOT FOR THE GOOD OF THE THUNDERBOLTS COMMAND, BUT FOR HIS ***OWN*** GOALS, WHATEVER THOSE MAY BE.

MAYBE OUR CLEVER AGENT WAS OPEN TO EITHER OUTCOME. JUST A THEORY OF MINE.

THAT'S ENOUGH QUALITY TIME FOR US. NOW I NEED TO SPEAK TO THE GROUP.

KLIK

SO YOU BOYS WENT ASTRAY TODAY. EASY TO SEE WHY.

IDLE HANDS ARE THE DEVIL'S WORKSHOP.

I JUST HAVEN'T GIVEN YOU ENOUGH TO DO. BUT I'M GOING TO REMEDY THAT.

AS I PROMISED, MR. X NEEDS OPPORTUNITIES FOR BATTLE.

GHOST NEEDS TO TOPPLE ORGANIZATIONS. THE REST OF YOU NEED A BIG OPERATION TO JUSTIFY THOSE FAT SALARIES.

TOP SECRET

AND AS IT HAPPENS, I HAVE SOME FORMER **PARTNERS** WHO NEED TO KNOW THE **CONSEQUENCES** OF BREAKING A DEAL.

THUS, WE CAN BRING ALL THOSE GOALS TOGETHER IN **ONE** CLEAR IMPERATIVE...

...YOU ARE GOING TO TERMINATE THE INNER CIRCLE OF **THE ATLAS FOUNDATION.**

E URANIAN

VENUS

JIMMY WOO

M-11

NAMORA

Next: The THUNDERBOLTS vs. The AGENTS of ATLAS!

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JANUARY 2010

DARK REIGN™

THUNDERBOLTS®

VERSUS THE AGENTS OF ATLAS

PARKER
SEPULVEDA
MARTIN

After being appointed the head of H.A.M.M.E.R.—S.H.I.E.L.D.'s replacement organization—Norman Osborn, once known as the villainous Green Goblin, publicly disbanded his hero-hunting Thunderbolts. Unbeknownst to the world at large, Osborn then replaced them with a team of covert operatives answerable only to himself.

THUNDERBOLTS

The team is slowly imploding. First, Headsman, Ghost and Paladin defied Osborn's orders and allowed two prisoners to escape H.A.M.M.E.R. incarceration. Ghost then sabotaged an attempt to brainwash heroes into joining the Thunderbolts.

Now someone is manipulating the squad from within—leading Mr. X to South America where he went on a killing spree, slaughtering many Guerilla border soldiers.

Doubting team members' loyalties and suspecting ulterior motives, Osborn intends to keep the Thunderbolts busy by giving them a new directive: find and terminate the inner circle of the Atlas Foundation!

HEADSMAN

GHOST

PALADIN

MR. X

SCOURGE

ANT-MAN

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SOMEWHERE OVER THE GULF OF MEXICO.

OKAY, I'VE GONE THROUGH THESE FILES ON OUR TARGET A *DOZEN TIMES* NOW...

HEADSMAN

ANT-MAN

...AND I THINK OSBORN NEEDS TO GIVE US SOME MORE STRATEGY TIME.

PALADIN

OH YES, I FORGET. THE REST OF YOU CAN'T PLAN AND COUNTER IN THE MIDDLE OF A FRAY.

MR. X.

DIRECTOR OSBORN WOULD NOT ASK US TO DO ANYTHING WE WERE NOT COMPLETELY READY FOR.

SORRY, SCOURGE, I'M NOT SECOND-GUESSING THE BOSS.

JUST WONDERING WHAT *HIS* TAKE ON THIS IS.

GUESS HE'LL TELL US *IN PERSON.*

GENTLEMEN.

HAD SOME BUSINESS TONIGHT THAT LETS US INTERSECT FOR A MINUTE.

THOUGHT I'D COME OUT AND INTRODUCE YOUR NEWEST MEMBER.

YOU'VE BEEN NEEDING A WALL-SMASHER.

PLEASE GIVE A BIG THUNDERBOLTS WELCOME TO MAX MARKHAM.

KNOWN IN THE FIELD AS *THE GRIZZLY.*

HOWDY.

THUNDERBOLTS ROSTER FILE
SUBJECT: MAXWELL MARKHAM
BACKGROUND: FORMER WRESTLER, FELON. RECENTLY HEADED UP CALIFORNIA BRANCH OF THE ATF UNDER H.A.M.M.E.R. APPOINTMENT.
CHARACTERISTICS: AUGMENTED PHYSIOLOGY. EXTREME STRENGTH/DURABILITY. RUMORED CANNIBALISTIC TENDENCIES.

MARKHAM HAS SOME EXPERIENCE WITH THE ATLAS FOUNDATION.

YOU'VE READ THOSE PROFILES I SENT, HE CAN FILL IN ANYTHING ELSE YOU NEED TO KNOW.

YOU WANT THESE FREAKS OUT OF COMMISSION, RIGHT?

I WANT THEM OUT OF *EXISTENCE*, PALADIN.

THEY MISREPRESENTED THEMSELVES TO ME AND RENEGED ON AN ARMS DEAL.

THAT'S *UNACCEPTABLE.*

WISH I COULD TAG ALONG TO HELP, BUT THINGS ARE HEATING UP ELSEWHERE.

DON'T PLAN ON ANY *REST.*

THE GRIZZLY?

ARE YOU THAT *BUFFOON* WHO USED TO FIGHT IN A *FUZZY BEAR SUIT?*

HEY, FABIO, SOME OF US LEFT THE '90s BEHIND. NOW, LET'S TALK ABOUT THE TEAM FROM THE '50s.

OKAY, T-BOLTS, LISTEN UP: ATLAS CONTROLS A HUGE NETWORK OF UNDERGROUND OPERATIONS. ALL *KINDS* OF OFF-THE-BOOKS, NASTY STUFF.

USED TO BE RUN BY THE *YELLOW CLAW,* IF THAT GIVES YOU AN IDEA.

SO WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, GRIZZLY, IS THEY'RE NOT P.C.

JAMES WOO

NOW THEY'RE RUN BY *JIMMY WOO*-- USED TO BE WITH S.H.I.E.L.D. 'TIL HE INHERITED ATLAS.

KICKS AND SHOOTS A LOT. BIG STRATEGIST. KEEPS HIS INNER CIRCLE WITH HIM. THEY DO WHATEVER HE SAYS.

HIS BIG GUN IS *NAMORA,* ATLANTEAN.

FLIES, THROWS TRAINS-- LIKE HER MORE FAMOUS COUSIN.

Aquaria Neptuna (NAMORA)

SHE'S RELATED TO SUB-MARINER? THAT GUY'S A *TIME BOMB.*

KEN HALE

SHE'S LIKE THAT *PLUS* GETS A PERIOD. NOW KEN HALE, HE'S CALLED *GORILLA-MAN* FOR--

--WELL, YOU SEE HIM. HE AIN'T NO *JOKE* THOUGH... WEAPONS EXPERT.

ROBERT GRAYSON

THIS GUY'S A FIRST CLASS WEIRDO. THEY REFER TO HIM AS *THE URANIAN*-- YOU ALMOST NEVER SEE HIM, HE FLIES THEIR AIRCRAFT.

THEIR SCIENCE GUY, AND SOME KIND OF TELEPATH. HE'S NOT THAT STRONG, IF YOU CAN GET AT HIM.

M-11

M-11. DON'T BE FOOLED BY HOW OLD SCHOOL HE LOOKS. THIS ROBOT CAN MOW DOWN SOME MOFOS.

GOT A DEATH RAY EYE, ELECTRIC ATTACK, HIS ARMS EXTEND-- AND AS FAR AS I CAN TELL, HE CAN REBUILD HIMSELF FROM ANYTHING.

VENUS

LAST ONE, AND DON'T BE FOOLED BY THE PRETTY FACE, BECAUSE SHE'S THE WORST OF ALL. AN ACTUAL *SIREN* OF GREEK MYTH.

ONCE SHE STARTS SINGING, YOU'LL BE USELESS. YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE HER OUT *FIRST* OR IT'S ALL OVER.

OSBORN HAS US HEADING TO *LOUISIANA*-- IS THAT THEIR H.Q.?

NO ONE KNOWS WHERE THEIR BASE IS, THIS IS JUST ONE OF THEIR OPERATIONS...

"...LIKELY ONE THEY DON'T EVEN *KNOW* ABOUT. IT MAKES CHEMICAL WARFARE AGENTS.

"LOCATED HERE SO BYPRODUCTS JUST LOOK LIKE SWAMP GAS. WE'VE HAD LUCK BEFORE DRAWING OUT THIS TEAM BY ACING ONE OF THEIR FACTORIES, SO THAT'S OSBORN'S PROCEDURE HERE.

"BUT I STRONGLY RECOMMEND SOME RECON BEFORE WE BLOW THIS ONE."

BAYOU CHOUPIQUE, LOUISIANA.

RECON TEAM...

...ENTER THE TARGET.

CAREFUL WITH THAT, BATES. YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED WHEN SOME OF THAT WAS DROPPED IN K-LAB?

YOU *KIDDING?* I WAS THE ONE WHO SEALED IT OFF FROM THE OUTSIDE AND WATCHED THOSE POOR GUYS *MELT.*

DON'T WORRY, WE'RE KEEPING THE SERUM IN EVERY HALL NOW.

BUST THAT GLASS IF I START LOOKING LIKE A *LEPER.*

HA. WILL DO.

BREAKER ONE-NINE, I'M IN.

GOOD.

PLANT THOSE CHARGES EVENLY THROUGHOUT THE FACTORY. PUT THEM ON ANYTHING CONVEYING FUEL.

TEN-FOUR, GOOD BUDDY.

ANT-MAN, WHAT PROTOCOL IS THAT?

NEVERMIND, SCOURGE.

GEEZ... AM I THE ONLY SMOKEY AND THE BANDIT FAN?

YOU SAY ATLAS DOESN'T EVEN *KNOW* THEY OWN THIS PLACE?

PROBABLY NOT. WHEN WOO TOOK CHARGE, HE STARTED SHUTTING LOTS OF THE DIRTY STUFF DOWN.

DIGITAL RECORD KEEPING WASN'T USED, SO SOME OPERATIONS LAID LOW, HOPING NO ONE WOULD REMEMBER THEM.

WHEN WE ATTACKED A PLANT IN THE PAST, THE FIRST THING THEY DID WAS PHONE HOME--AND THE MAIN AGENTS OF ATLAS RESPOND *FAST.*

SHHH... BEHIND YOU.

X, WHERE--

THERE WAS MOVEMENT.

ANY OF YOU COULD HAVE HEARD IT HAD YOU STOPPED *GOSSIPING LIKE WOMEN.*

I THINK I GOT THEM BEFORE THEY RADIOED IN ABOUT US, BUT WHO KNOWS.

GHOST! ANT-MAN!

HOW CLOSE ARE YOU?

HEY, SCOURGE, I'VE PLACED ALL THE CHARGES. I CAN VAMOOSE.

THEN GO! MOVE, SOLDIER!

I HAVE SOMETHING WE'LL NEED.

EXIT THE STRUCTURE! WE NEED TO BLOW THAT BUILDING!

I GOT ANOTHER ONE!

THEY KNOW WE'RE OUT HERE. PREPARING TO DETONATE IN *FIVE*...

BZZZT

FOUR...

WAIT, WAIT!

THREE...

GRAB MY HAND!

TWO...

KOOM

WHA-HOAA...

DID--DID YOUR GUYS GET OUT?

I DIDN'T HEAR THEM SIGNAL!

YEAH, WE MADE IT, BUT ONLY THANKS TO *GHOST* PHASING US OUT...

A TON OF FLAMING BRICK WENT RIGHT *THROUGH* ME!

DO *NOT* QUESTION YOUR COMMANDING OFFICER!

I *EXPECTED* GHOST WOULD EVACUATE YOU.

SMAK

AHH! STOP IT, DON'T *POISON* ME, I'LL SHUT UP--

NOT POISON.

THE WHOLE FACTORY WAS PRODUCING A HIGHLY CAUSTIC CHEMICAL AGENT.

IT WILL EAT THE FLESH OFF YOUR BONES LIKE PIRANHA. MY SUIT PROTECTS ME, BUT THE REST OF YOU HAD BETTER TAKE THIS ANTIDOTE...

GENTLEMEN, PLEASE.

SURELY YOU TRUST ME?

YOU'LL NOTICE O'GRADY IS NOT KEELING OVER DEAD. THAT YELLOW GAS AROUND US IS THE CHEMICAL, IF YOU WANT TO RISK IT.

FINE. I AIN'T COOL WITH SHARIN' NEEDLES, THOUGH.

YOU BETTER NOT HAVE THE *HEP C*, BOY.

VVUUUUMMM

GET YOUR SNIPERS IN POSITION...

...THEY'RE RIGHT ON SCHEDULE.

PALADIN, HEAT RAY ON THE ATLANTEAN! I'VE GOT THE ROBOT WITH THE PARTICLE GUN, X TAKES OUT THE REST!

WHRZZZP

SKKRRNW SKKRRNW

HOLLOW POINT ROUNDS SHOULD BE SUFFICIENTLY MESSY.

BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA

WE WERE EXPECTED!

GUESS THEY DIDN'T GET THE MEMO THAT BOB ADDED A FORCE FIELD TO THE TRANSPORT BEAM.

THIS REEKS OF OSBORN. I MAKE AT LEAST FIVE OF 'EM OVER THERE.

LET'S TAKE THEM OUT AS EASY AS POSSIBLE, WITH A VENUS PERFORMANCE.

PTANG

LET ME CLEAR MY THROAT... AHEM.

ZZKOW

PTANG

PTANG

ZZKOW

BOB, CAN YOU DIVERT SOME OF THIS SWAMP WATER OVER TO PUT OUT THAT FIRE AND THEN JOIN US?

YES, JIMMY. IT SHOULD ONLY TAKE A FEW MINUTES.

"GOOD. LET 'EM HAVE IT, VENUS."

SOME-WHEERRREE... OVER THE RAIN-BOWWWW....

WAY UP HIIIIGGH...

GET THOSE EAR-PIECES IN, SHE'S STARTING!

WAIT, I WANNA HEAR THIS...

I...HEAR YOU. WHAT DO YOU NEED, SWEETHEART?

OH, YEAH. CUT ME OFF A PIECE...

I *TOLD* YOU IDIOTS! PUT THESE *IN!*

BEGONE, FOOLISH BRUTE.

DARE NOT DISTURB MY ECSTASY.

IF YOU LADIES WANT ME TO SHRINK DOWN, I KNOW SOME *TRICKS.*

YOU DO? OKAY, EVERYONE GET NAKED...

MS. MARVEL, YOU WAIT YOUR TURN, O'GRADY'S GOT SOME FOR EVERYBODY...

FRANK...

TOUCH ME...

NEED YOU FRANK, NEED YOU...

COME TO US...

WE LOVE YOU LONG TIME.

AAAGH!

AAAGH!

V, GET DOWN!

BRAKKA

BRAKKA

BRAKKA

BRAKKA

BRAKKA

IT'S NOT WORKING RIGHT!

JIMMY, I DON'T UNDERSTAND... WHY IS MY SONG ANGERING HIM LIKE THAT?

NO... COME BACK...

NICELY DONE, SCOURGE... GOOD JOB SHRUGGING OFF THE EFFECT!

SHRUG *THIS* OFF.

HELLO AGAIN, GRIZZLY.

WHAM

AWWW CRAP.

SO YOU REMEMBER THE LAST TIME YOU SAW ME?

RRRRRP

WHAM

OOONH!

QUITE A WOMAN.

GOD, I HATE TO SHOOT BEAUTIFUL LADIES-- BUT LET'S SEE HOW SHE LIKES *THIS*.

BZZZAP

AH!

I'VE HAD QUITE ENOUGH OF PEOPLE DEHYDRATING ME!

SPACK

AND *THAT*, PALADIN, IS WHAT YOU GET FOR USING THAT STUPID *HEAT GUN.*

BLAM BLAM

I PREFER THE REAL KIND.

YOU...

...ARE ABOUT TO KNOW *PAIN.*

YOU MAY BE A FREAKISH HEAVYWEIGHT...

...BUT I HAVE *TELEPATHIC GIFTS* TO GO WITH MY SKILLS.

NO MATTER HOW YOU TRY TO ATTACK, I WILL SENSE IT. YOU'RE LITERALLY *TELEGRAPHING* YOUR PUNCHES, GIRL.

WHA--
URK

WHAT'S THE MATTER, SHADES--DIDN'T PICK UP ON *HIS* THOUGHTS?

TALK ABOUT COCKY. I BET DURING VENUS' SONG YOU WERE IMAGINING GETTIN' IT ON WITH *YOURSELF.*

NNK--I'LL HAVE YOUR SKINNED *HIDE* ON MY WALL!

THAT *OFFENDS* ME.

M-11, LIGHT THIS CLOWN UP.

NNNGGH!

LLXX

HELL-FIRE!

WHOA THERE, HOSS!

IF YOU KILLED MR. X, WELL--

--MY HAT'S OFF TO YA, IS WHAT. BUT YOU'RE STILL GOING TA GET BUSTED UP, *HEADSMAN-STYLE.*

NGH!

COME OUT FROM BEHIND THIS DAMN FORCE FIELD, YA HUNK A JUNK!

BZZZZZT

IS THIS ALL OF THEM?

WHAM

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

WHY...WHY WOULD OUR COMMANDING OFFICER SEND US INTO A SITUATION SO OUTGUNNED?

ACCEPTABLE LOSSES.

EXPENDABLE, FRANK.

OKAY, FINALLY SOMEONE I *RECOGNIZE.*

I REMEMBER YOUR FILE FROM MY S.H.I.E.L.D. DAYS--*PALADIN,* RIGHT?

NNYEAH...

DON'T REMEMBER YOU BEING THAT BAD A GUY. WHY ARE YOU WORKING FOR OSBORN?

WHO I'M WORKING FOR IS--NNGH--

--*PRIVATE...*

OH MAN, THIS IS FINALLY *IT*-- THE BOLTS ARE GOING *DOWN!*

JUST STAY *SMALL* AND *QUIET,* O'GRADY. OSBORN WILL THINK I GOT KILLED AND I CAN SNEAK OUT OF THE COUNTRY IN THE MORNING. NO-- *TONIGHT.*

LOOKS LIKE BOB HAS THE FIRE OUT. GOOD WORK, TEAM.

WE'RE STILL MISSING ONE. THIS MARSH GAS HIDES A LOT.

THEN BOB CAN GET HIM WITH A MENTAL SCAN OF THE AREA.

DO WE EVEN KNOW WHAT THIS ATLAS FACILITY DID? WEAPONS? SPYING?

HARD TO SAY, THESE GUYS DIDN'T LEAVE ENOUGH OF IT TO DO DIDDLY WITH.

I SUSPECT THE WHOLE POINT WAS SO WE'D BE CALLED IN, AND HAVE THESE WINNERS TAKE SHOTS AT US.

=KOFF=

YOU OKAY, PRINCESS?

FEELS LIKE MY =KOFF= GILLS ARE BURNING--

M-11, TAKE THESE MEN.

YOUR MEN ABANDON YOU...

YOUR LEADER HAS FORSAKEN YOU...

GIMME A RED.

DANG, NOW I'M STARTING TO FEEL ITCHY.

JIMMY, I JUST TOOK A CHEMICAL COMPOSITION SCAN OF THE AREA.

EVERYONE NEEDS TO GO BACK TO THE SAUCER... NOW.

BE THE DIFFERENCE.

THERE'S A HIGHLY REACTIVE CHEMICAL AGENT BLENDING IN WITH THE SWAMP GAS.

MY SUIT PROTECTS ME, BUT ALL OF YOU COULD ABSORB IT THROUGH YOUR SKIN.

IN FACT, SCANNING NOW, I'M FINDING TRACES OF IT ON *ALL* OF YOU...

I CAN SUBMERGE YOU IN A--

NNAAAGH!

SHRPPP

OH MY-- BOB!

TO BE CONTINUED!

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PARKER
SEPULVEDA
MARTIN

DARK REIGN™

THUNDERBOLTS®

After being appointed the head of H.A.M.M.E.R. – S.H.I.E.L.D.'s replacement organization – Norman Osborn, the reformed villain once known as the Green Goblin, publicly disbanded his hero-hunting Thunderbolts. Unbeknownst to the world at large, Osborn has replaced them with a team of covert operatives answerable only to himself.

THUNDERBOLTS

After a stretch of inactivity, the Thunderbolts were restless. Mr. X hadn't killed in weeks, and the squad was slowly imploding as team members turned on one another and disobeyed orders. knowing that idle hands are the devil's tools, Osborn gave his team a new mission.

The Agents of Atlas have broken a deal with Osborn, and now they're going to pay for it. The Agents, assembled by former S.H.I.E.L.D. agent Jimmy Woo, consist of the flying Atlantean, Namora; the weapons expert, Gorilla-Man; the telepathic Uranian, Bob Grayson; the deceptively powerful robot, M-11; and the modern-day siren, Venus. Once a secret hero team from the 1950's, the Agents returned and took over the global criminal organization ATLAS with the goal of using those resources to bring about justice.

With help from the former Spider-Man foe known as The Grizzly, the Thunderbolts targeted one of the Atlas factories in the Louisiana bayou. After they had destroyed the building – releasing a flesh-eating gas into the swamp – the Thunderbolts came under fire by the arriving Agents. Though they struck first, the Thunderbolts planned for little beyond the initial assault. Outgunned and outmanned, this isn't the fight they were expecting, but Scourge still has sights set on victory...

HEADSMAN

GHOST

PALADIN

MR. X

SCOURGE

ANT-MAN

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HOLEE...

SENT UP AGAINST THESE *ATLAS FREAKS* WITH BAD INTEL...WE WERE AS GOOD AS *DEAD.*

HEADSMAN

BAYOU CHOUPIQUE, LOUISIANA.

BUT MY BOY SCOURGE TURNED THIS HERE FIGHT AROUND BY SLICING THE ALIEN WIDE OPEN!

YEAH!

BOB!

JIMMY WOO

SCOURGE

YOU... YOU JUST GUTTED BOB!

NOW THIS IS GETTING INTERESTING.

MR. X.

WHRAOOARR!

GORILLA-MAN

NNNNHRRHH!

RRAAHRRR!

FINALLY! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS, HALE.

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU NERDS SHOVED MY FACE IN THE GROUND?

GRIZZLY

GO CLIMB A TREE, CURIOUS GEORGE!

YOU WANT TO =KOFF=--

--SEE HOW FAR I CAN THROW? =HAKK=-=KOFF=

NAMORA

HAVING TROUBLE =AHK= BREATHING, SEA PRINCESS?

CAN... STILL =KOFF-KOFF=...

...BREAK YOUR... NECK =HAAKKH=...

NNAAAGH!

PALADIN

THE CHEMICAL AGENT FROM THAT ATLAS FACILITY REALLY DID A NUMBER ON HER.

AMPHIBIANS ARE ALWAYS HIT HARDEST BY TOXIC WASTE, HUH?

ANT-MAN

HOW DID THIS TURN AROUND SO FAST? I WAS HOME FREE! THE T-BOLTS WERE DONE AND I WAS ON MY WAY TO *IBIZIA!*

O'GRADY, YOU HAVE THE MOST *CRAP* LUCK.

WHOA!

DOWN, FOOL.

WHAT WOULD YOU INCOMPETENTS DO WITHOUT ME...

M-11

BOO-YAH!

...OR EVEN THE REDNECK?

TEAM, WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

WHY DID JIMMY YELL--

VENUS

THE URANIAN

BOB... NO...

NO!

NOOO!

NNAAÜÜHHHH OOOAA...

MY *MIND.* THE *PERFECT* INSTRUMENT, NOT MY...

...*MIND*...

NAW, MAN, CAN'T...I CAN'T *DO* THIS... OH, GOD...

GHOST

NEVER GAVE A THOUGHT TO THE OPPOSITE OF A SIREN'S SONG.

HITTING MY TEAM LIKE A BAD ACID TRIP, OR THE **WITHDRAWAL** AFTER ONE.

KEEPING MY AUDIO RECEPTION ON MUTE AND STAYING INTANGIBLE SPARES ME FROM THE EFFECT.

MAKE IT STOP--

HEY, CODY...

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

HEY, CODY, YOU SEEN DUKE? OH--

YEAH, I SEEN HIM.

HE BIT ME... AGAIN.

SHUNK

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

I *TOLD* YOU WHAT WAS GOIN' TA HAPPEN IF THAT DAMN DOG SNAPPED AT ME ANYMORE, CLEAVON.

OH...OH *NAW...*

DUKE!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

DUKE...

I NEVER MEANT TO...

...DID WHAT I *HAD* TO...

YOU'RE STILL A HERO, PALADIN-- JUST A HERO FOR *ME!*

NOW TAKE THE MONEY...

...SHUT UP...

...AND DO WHAT I SAY!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

HEY, SMOKEY BEAR...

I'M TIRED OF PUTTING YOU BACK IN THE HOLE. I'M GOING TO *FINISH* YOU THIS TIME!

SPIDER-MAAAAAAA--!

I CAN ANTICIPATE...! I KNOW YOUR *EVERY* MOVE... I DO...
I *DO!*
NO, YOU DON'T.
YOU NEVER HELD A CANDLE TO ME.
NEVER WILL.
NEVER!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
NO...NO, PLEASE...
...PEACE IN OUR LIFETIME...
--DECLARED A TRUCE--
...TREATY HAS BEEN RATIFIED...
--ASSAULT WEAPONS BAN--
...MAKE WAR NO MORE...

I'M SO SORRY, I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU!

CODY, WHY'D YOU DO THAT, IT AIN'T *RIGHT!*

I'M SORRY, VERONICA, I'M SORRY...

THE AGENTS OF ATLAS HAVE BEEN HIT HARD AND SUCCUMBED TO THE TOXIC GAS FROM THE FACTORY WE DESTROYED.

...I HAD TO *LEAVE,* I CAN'T BE A *FATHER...* I CAN'T...

THE THUNDERBOLTS ARE REDUCED TO **QUIVERING SHELLS,** *HAUNTED BY WHATEVER* **HORRORS** *THEY HOLD INSIDE.*

WHICH I IMAGINE TO BE **CONSIDERABLE.**

THE DECIDING FACTOR IS LIKELY TO BE THE ONE WHO CAN BE AFFECTED BY **NEITHER.**

UNLESS I AM THE DECIDING FACTOR.

I.Z.R.R.I.C.H

A DECEPTIVELY SOPHISTICATED PIECE OF MACHINERY, PERHAPS THE **RETRO LOOK** IS INTENTIONAL SO AS TO THROW OFF OPPONENTS.

NONETHELESS, NO ONE PREPARED THIS AUTOMATON TO HANDLE A **PHASE-THROUGH.** MY INTANGIBLE FORM DISRUPTS MOST TECH.

VENUS...

=SNIFF= BOB?
YOU'RE OKAY?
I'M FINE.
I WAS PROJECTING A MENTAL ILLUSION-- "PLAYING POSSUM" AS KEN SAYS.
BUT WHILE INVESTIGATING THEIR TEAM LEADER, SCOURGE, I HAD A HARD TIME FINDING MY WAY BACK OUT OF HIS MIND.
HE'S FRAGMENTED, DEEPLY SCHIZOPHRENIC.
I'M SO GLAD-- AHH...
MY SKIN, IT HURTS!
THAT'S WHAT I WAS COMING TO WARN EVERYONE-- THIS AREA IS FILLED WITH A HIGHLY TOXIC GAS.
THE THUNDERBOLTS HAVE BEEN GIVEN AN ANTIDOTE FOR IT, BUT YOU'RE ALL STARTING TO SUFFER BLOOD POISONING FROM ABSORBING IT.
EVERYONE NEEDS TO GET INTO THE SAUCER IMMEDIATELY FOR TREATMENT.
KEN, COME IN. EVERYONE TO THE SAUCER--NOW.
I HEAR YA. JUST HAD TO GET BACK THROUGH HALF A MILE OF TREES.
OH MAN, JIM--

--YOU LOOK LIKE HELL =KOFF!=

YOU BETTER GO FIRST.

IN A SECOND. GRAB M-11 AND NAMORA AND GET UP THERE. WE'RE SEVERELY COMPROMISED.

CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE HEADING OFF WITH OUR TAILS BETWEEN OUR LEGS.

ANY TIME WE WALK AWAY *ALIVE*, WE *WIN*.

AH, MAN, THAT WAS HORRIBLE.

WHERE IS EVERYONE?

THEY MUST'VE BEEN CLOSER IN, HAVEN'T COME OUT OF IT YET.

MAYBE THERE'S STILL A CHANCE TO GET AWAY FROM THESE MANIACS.

IF I GO NOW, THEY MIGHT THINK THE ROBOT *DISINTEGRATED* ME!

THERE. NOW YOU KNOW WHAT I KNOW OF HIM AND THIS GROUP.

TAKE US BACK INTO HIS MIND.

ARE YOU *SURE?* IT'S MORE TREACHEROUS THAN THIS ENVIRONMENT.

I'M *SURE.*

BRINGING US IN...

...TO THE MIND OF FRANK SIMPSON.

NOW CALLED SCOURGE, FORMERLY KNOWN AS *NUKE.*

GOOD. IF HE'S AS DAMAGED AS YOU SAY, I THINK WE CAN LEAVE A LITTLE *PRESENT* FOR OUR PAL NORMAN.

WHO GOES THERE?!

STAND DOWN, SERGEANT!

SIR, YES, SIR!

SERGEANT SIMPSON, THE PENTAGON HAS A *CRUCIAL MISSION* FOR YOU.

YOUR DIRECT SUPERIORS HAVE BEEN *INFILTRATED.* YOU ANSWER TO A *TRAITOR* TO THIS COUNTRY.

...TO *TERMINATE* WITH *EXTREME PREJUDICE.*

SIR, YES, SIR!

WHEN YOU NEXT SEE *THIS MAN* IN PERSON, YOU MUST BREAK YOUR COVER AND USE ANY *AVAILABLE MEANS...*

AH, HELL--

--AH, HEADSMAN. YOU *OKAY?*

H-HUH?

THAT SIREN CHICK, HER CRYING FREAKED OUT EVERYONE JUST NOW.

HIM WHO?

GUESS THAT'S WHY I SAW HIM. BEEN *THINKING* ABOUT HIM, ANYHOW.

MY *BROTHER,* CODY.

WE'RE FROM LOUISIANA. HE LIVES JUST DOWN THE ROAD IN DUCK BLIND.

OH YEAH, SURE. YOU MENTIONED HIM BEFORE.

I THOUGHT MAYBE-- ONCE WE DID THIS JOB-- WE COULD STOP BY FOR A MINUTE. I COULD ASK HIM ABOUT OUR PA.

I KINDA CAN'T IMAGINE SCOURGE LETTING US DETOUR FOR A *FAMILY REUNION.*

UH...NO OFFENSE.

NAW, S'FINE. IT'S MORE LIKE... MY BROTHER AIN'T SEEN ME IN YEARS, ALWAYS THOUGHT OF ME AS THE RUNTIE *WEAK* ONE.

I LIKE THINKING ABOUT SHOWING HIM HOW I TURNED OUT.

DUDE, THAT WOULD BE *BAD-ASS.*

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

HE WALKS OUT OF HIS HOUSE TO SEE THE ZEUS LANDING, AND YOU COME OUT ON THE GLIDER HOLDING YOUR AXE ALL, *"WHAT UP, BRO. I'M THE FREAKIN' HEADSMAN."*

HA HA *HAHA!*

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!

WHAT'S SO DAMN *FUNNY?*

IF YOU LADIES ARE FINISHED GIGGLING, SCOURGE WANTS US BACK ON THE ZEUS.

DID Y'ALL KILL THOSE AGENTS?

NO, AND SCOURGE IS PRETTY *TICKED* ABOUT IT.

NOT AS TICKED AS ***SOMEONE ELSE*** IS GONNA BE.

GOOD. I THOUGHT MAYBE WE HAD A COUPLE OF ***DESERTERS.***

UH, NO, SIR. WE WERE JUST OUT OF OUR HEADS FOR A BIT.

WE ARE THE MASTERS OF OUR OWN MINDS, O'GRADY.

NOW EVERYONE GET IN THE ZEUS, DOUBLE-TIME.

YOU'RE ALL GOING TO BE FINE.

ANY LONGER EXPOSURE, THOUGH, AND THE CHEMICAL BURNS WOULD HAVE BEEN FATAL.

AS TO WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, JIMMY, NO.

I'M *NOT* CERTAIN WHETHER FRANK SIMPSON'S PROGRAMMING WILL WORK AS INTENDED. I SHOULD HAVE SPENT MORE TIME THERE--

NO, YOU DID THE RIGHT THING, BOB. I WAS PUSHING OUR LUCK.

SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN, BUT IT MIGHT NOT BE DIRECTED AS WE HOPED. HIS MIND IS SO ERRATIC--

WAIT! WHO IS THERE?

WHAT'S UP?

I DETECT ANOTHER MIND ON THE SHIP.

YOU.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON MY SAUCER?!

TRYING TO UNDERSTAND THIS TECHNOLOGY.

VERY IMPRESSIVE.

GET HIM!

IF I CAN ERECT A PROPER DENSITY FIELD...

...TOO LATE.

THE SAUCER RIDE JUSTIFIES A DEPARTURE OF TIME.

AS FAR AS THE THUNDERBOLTS KNOW, I'M TRYING TO FINISH THE MISSION.

INSTEAD, I CAN PURSUE A MISSION OF MY OWN.

A JOB THAT INTRIGUES ME.

ANOTHER CHANCE TO APPRECIATE ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY.

SEE WHO GHOST HAUNTS IN INVINCIBLE IRON MAN #20!
--SCARED ALREADY BILL

APPROACHING THE CUBE.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OSBORN'S GOING TO SAY WHEN HE FINDS OUT THEY'RE NOT DEAD?

WELL, GRIZZLY, I'D LIKE TO THINK HE'D BE GLAD WE'RE STILL *ALIVE*, GIVEN HOW LITTLE HE PREPARED US.

SEEMS LIKE HE'S *PREOCCUPIED* WITH SOMETHING ELSE.

WHATEVER. I FINALLY GOT TO TOSS THAT LOUDMOUTH *APE*, SO I'M HAPPY.

MR. X SAW THAT TWISTED RASCAL GHOST SNEAK INTO THEIR SHIP.

HE MAY STILL BE ABLE TO MAKE 'EM CRASH OR SOMETHING.

THAT REDHEAD WAS *HOT*.

WONDER IF SHE LIKES *ROCKFORD*?

WHEEOOO

MAYBE THAT TRANSMISSION ALARM IS FOR GHOST.

IF HE WANTS US TO COME PICK HIM UP, SCREW HIM.

SIRS, A MESSAGE IS COMING IN FROM THE *DIRECTOR.*

IT'S ON LINE EIGHT.

WELL, WE'RE NOT ALL PILING BACK IN THE ZEUS, YOU IDIOT. BRING A REMOTE UNIT OUT HERE.

IF GHOST IS NOT BACK IN EIGHT HOURS, I WILL CONSIDER HIM A.W.O.L.

UH, OKAY.

OKAY, JUST A SEC--

//MESSAGE WAITING ON DELTA A-4... ...MESSAGE WAITING ON DELTA A-4///

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY.

DANG, IT'S CHILLY OUT HERE TODAY.

MAYBE WE SHOULD PUT A BIG FIRE PIT OUT HERE. POP SOME BREWS... THAT'D BE SWEET, BRO.

HELL YEAH, WE COULD BARBECUE A *PIG!*

THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.

GENTLEMEN. I CAN'T SPEAK WITH YOU LIVE, AS THINGS ARE HEATING UP AT THE MOMENT.

I WANT EVERYONE RESTED AND FULLY READY FOR YOUR MOST IMPORTANT MISSION TO DATE.

YOU'RE GOING TO SHIP OUT SOON TO BROXTON, OKLAHOMA.

TARGET OSBORN IN SIGHT, GENERAL.

HUH?

YOU'LL BE BRIEFED FULLY--

BLAM

EXECUTE.

--AS I CAN'T RISK DISCUSSING THE OPERATION EVEN THROUGH THIS CHANNEL.

JUST KNOW FOR NOW THAT WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO DO BUILDS ON ALL THE **PROMISE** THE THUNDERBOLTS HAVE EVER SHOWN.

AND FROM WHAT I'VE SEEN, YOU'RE GOING TO **DELIVER.**

I KNOW I DON'T SAY IT ENOUGH OR **AT ALL,** BUT BELIEVE ME, ON THIS EVE OF YOUR BIGGEST MISSION...

...I AM PROUD OF **EACH** AND **EVERY** ONE OF YOU.

Next: SIEGE OF THUNDER!

THUNDERBOLTS®

SIEGE

PARKER • SEPULVEDA • MARTIN

MARVEL

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After being appointed the head of H.A.M.M.E.R. – S.H.I.E.L.D.'s replacement organization – Norman Osborn, the reformed villain once known as the Green Goblin, publicly disbanded his hero-hunting Thunderbolts. Unbeknownst to the world at large, Osborn has replaced them with a team of covert operatives answerable only to himself.

THUNDERBOLTS

The Thunderbolts' morale is strained. Paladin, Headsman, and Ghost recently assisted in the escape of the heroes known as Black Widow and Songbird, an act that their teammate Ant-Man witnessed. Now, Ant-Man is eager to escape the clutches of Norman Osborn, even at the expense of his fellow Thunderbolts.

As the team did battle with the Agents of Atlas - former S.H.I.E.L.D. Agent Jimmy Woo, Namora, Gorilla-Man, the Uranian, M-11, and Venus - the Thunderbolts were affected by Venus' siren song. As the team suffered, Woo and the Uranian entered the fractured mind of Scourge, leaving behind a very powerful order: exterminate Norman Osborn on sight with extreme prejudice. Both teams then retreated at the commands of their leaders.

As the Thunderbolts arrived at the Cube, however, Scourge promptly shot Headsman while viewing a recorded hologram message of Osborn...

HEADSMAN

GHOST

PALADIN

MR. X

SCOURGE

ANT-MAN

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WRITER

MIGUEL SEPULVEDA
ARTIST

FRANK MARTIN
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THUNDERBOLTS! REPORT TO THE ZEUS.

THE CUBE.

PALADIN! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

WE ARE GO FOR TAKEOFF IN THREE MINUTES.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, O'GRADY? I'M REPORTING FOR DUTY.

THIS HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE EXPLOSION IN *CHICAGO*, RIGHT?

I MEAN, DUDE...OSBORN IS SENDING US UP AGAINST FREAKIN' *GODS*.

THEN I GUESS THAT'S THE SITUATION WE NEED TO HANDLE.

DOESN'T THAT SOUND A LITTLE *CRAZY* TO YOU?

CRAZY LIKE OUR TEAM LEADER SCOURGE SHOOTING OUT THE BACK OF HEADSMAN'S *SKULL*?

I DON'T THINK OSBORN EVEN *KNOWS* ABOUT THAT YET!

HE DIDN'T SHOOT ME, O'GRADY...SO IT'S NOT MY PROBLEM.

IT'S *EVERYONE'S* PROBLEM-- GEEZ.

THEY MUST PAY YOU A *FREAKLOAD* MORE MONEY THAN THEY DO ME TO DEAL WITH THIS CRAP.

NOPE.

I'M JUST MORE PROFESSIONAL.

DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU THERE MAY BE A *POINT* TO ALL THIS? THAT WE REALLY *ARE* NECESSARY?

BET I KNOW WHAT YOU TWO ARE TALKING ABOUT.

GUESS WE'LL ALL FIND OUT NOW IF WE BACKED THE RIGHT HORSE.

GET SEATED, TROOPS.

DIRECTOR OSBORN HAS A MISSION DIRECTIVE FOR US IN TEN SECONDS.

THIS IS ZERO HOUR.

HELLO, THUNDERBOLTS.

THIS, AS THEY SAY...

...IS IT.

APOLOGIES AGAIN FOR ANOTHER PRERECORDED MESSAGE, BUT THINGS ARE HEATING UP IN **BROXTON, OKLAHOMA,** WHERE THE **NORSE GODS THEMSELVES** HAVE ESTABLISHED A BEACHHEAD IN OUR COUNTRY.

THEIR **INTERFERENCE** RESULTED IN A **MASSACRE** IN CHICAGO, AND HERE WE'VE NOW DECLARED MARTIAL LAW. MY INITIAL FORCES ARE WITH ME.

IT'S THE TOUGHEST OPPOSITION ON THE PLANET, BUT WITH **TEAMWORK** AND **PLANNING** WE'VE MADE HEADWAY. OUR FIRST HURDLE WILL BE THE THUNDER GOD, **THOR.**

I HAVE MORE REINFORCEMENTS COMING IN AS I SPEAK. YOU PROBABLY ASSUME THAT YOU ARE AMONG THAT NUMBER, BUT YOU ARE **NOT.**

THE MISSION I HAVE FOR YOU IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN BACKING UP MY LINE. **MUCH MORE IMPORTANT.** THE DAY MAY HANG ON IT.

THIS IS WHERE ALL YOUR **STEALTH** AND INFILTRATION SPECIALTY IS GOING TO PAY OFF. YOUR OBJECTIVE IS ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF ASGARD, THE **NORSE ARMORY.**

MY SOURCES SAY THAT INSIDE IS A GAME-CHANGING WEAPON... **THE SPEAR OF ODIN.** IN CASE YOU'RE NOT UP ON YOUR MYTHOLOGY, ODIN IS THE ALL-FATHER OF THE VIKING GODS.

HE IS ALSO OUT OF THE PICTURE, AND **THIS** IS OUR BIG OPENING. UNLIKE THE HAMMER OF THOR, WHICH REQUIRES SOMEONE "WORTHY" TO WIELD IT, THE SPEAR HAS NO MAGIC SAFEGUARD. THE IDEA THAT ANYONE ELSE WOULD DARE TOUCH IT IS **UNTHINKABLE** TO THE ASGARDIANS.

NATURALLY, WE HAVE NO SUCH REVERENCE. AS I SAID, THINGS ARE HAPPENING FAST NOW. I NEED YOU TO BREAK INTO THAT ARMORY, TAKE THAT SPEAR, AND GET IT TO ME IMMEDIATELY. VERY STRAIGHTFORWARD, **CUT AND DRY.**

I WON'T KID YOU THAT IT WILL BE EASY. IF YOU RUN INTO EVEN ONE OF THOSE GODS, WELL-- THAT'S A **CATASTROPHE** FOR ANY UNIT.

BUT YOU'RE HANDPICKED TO EXCEL AT THIS KIND OF OPERATION, AND YOU **WILL.**

YOU'VE GOT THE **BALLS OUT** COURAGE AND DETERMINATION OF YOUR TEAM LEADER, **SCOURGE.**

THE EXPERIENCE AND SKILL OF **PALADIN.**

THE BRUTE STRENGTH OF **GRIZZLY.**

THE UNMATCHED FIGHTING PROWESS OF **MR. X,** ANTICIPATING EVERY ATTACK WITH HIS TELEPATHIC SENSES.

THE ULTIMATE INFILTRATOR OF DEFENSES, **ANT-MAN.** AND THE PERFECT COMPLEMENT FOR THIS KIND OF OPS...

...OUR INTANGIBLE TECH EXPERT, **GHOST.**

ADD THAT TO THE FEROCITY AND MAYHEM THE **HEADSMAN** CAN UNLEASH...

...AND I'M CONFIDENT IN SAYING YOU MEN ARE GOING TO COME THROUGH THIS WITH **FLYING COLORS.**

SO. THIS PLAN IS BASED ON ALL OF US GOING IN.

PRETTY SURE HEADSMAN WON'T BE...

"...AND WHO KNOWS *WHERE* GHOST IS."

ZK-ZZZTT-

ZZZPOP

AGHH!

WELL... PLAYED... STARK.

GHOST'S PERSONAL MISSION IS DETAILED IN RECENT ISSUES OF INVINCIBLE IRON MAN. --IRON BILL

ASSESSMENT: I HAVE DIED AND A LARGE CLERICAL ERROR WAS MADE IN MY AFTERLIFE ASSIGNMENT.

VEEP VEEP

MESSAGE WAITING.

>RRRLLRR<A MASSACRE IN CHICAGO>RRLLR< >RRLRL<GAME-CHANGING WEAPON>RRLRLLRR< >LLRRRL<GET IT TO ME IMMEDIATELY.

MARTIAL LAW DECLARED? WHERE--STEALTH MODE.

TROMP TROMP TROMP

AM IN ASGARD.

IRONIC.

DISASTER AT SOLDIER FIELD... TOO **IMPROBABLE.** SO MUCH LIKE THE **STAMFORD** INCIDENT...

IT'S A... SET-UP-- EHNNH.

DETECTING THE ZEUS ON APPROACH. SCOURGE... WILL NOT QUESTION THE MISSION.

SENDING... COMPRESSED MISSION FILES...

...TO RECIPIENTS MOST LIKELY...

"...TO RESPOND AS NEEDED.

"ROUTING THROUGH ALL AVAILABLE SYSTEMS...

"...CAN'T GO THROUGH GOVERNMENT, WILL BE INTERCEPTED BY H.A.M.M.E.R.

"MUST BE TO SOMEONE WHO CAN REACT FAST.

"SOMEONE WITH POWER.

"RUNNING OUT OF OPTIONS.

"STARK NOW HAS ME BLOCKED PERMANENTLY.

"FANTASTIC FOUR FIREWALL IMPENETRABLE.

"X-MEN COMPUTER SYSTEM OFF-LINE.

"ONLY OPTION IS SOMEONE CAPABLE OF PICKING UP THIS DATA LOAD. SOMEONE WHO CAN MOBILIZE A FORCE."

NO BIKES

THE HECK IS ALL THIS...

THUNDER-BOLTS? ASGARD?

OSBORN... SPEAR--OH SNAP.

MIGHTY AVENGERS, COME IN! THIS IS AMADEUS CHO! IS ANYONE ONLINE?

VISION: NO RESPONSE. STATURE: NO RESPONSE.

PIETRO MUST BE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PLANET OR SOMETHING, CAN'T REACH HIM.

FINALLY SOMEONE...IT'S USAGENT!

26 MINUTES LATER.

CLEAR THE AREA!

I HAVE BEEN BRIEFED ON THE SITUATION IN BROXTON.

SOME LOYAL OFFICERS WERE GOOD ENOUGH TO LOAN ME THIS, SO LET'S DO 'EM PROUD.

01

WAY TO COME THROUGH!

I'LL KEEP TRYING TO REACH THE OTHER AVENGERS ON THE WAY!

ABOVE ASGARD.

THAT BUILDING AT 11:00 LOOKS TO BE YOUR DESTINATION.

THANKS, PILOT, WE'LL--

--EVASIVE MANEUVERS!

WHAT?! I DON'T SEE ANYTHING.

THAT TOWER TO THE EAST--

"--THERE'S A *BOWMAN* TARGETING US!"

SCOURGE, SIR, SHOULD WE EJECT?

NO.

CLEAR OUT, NOW!

A BOWMAN-- ARE YOU HIGH?

SSSHHWWWIK

THWOOM

HA! I WAS SICK OF THAT STINKING BUCKET ANYWAY.

WE'RE NOT FAR-- STEER DOWN TO THAT HILL IN FRONT OF THE ARMORY!

HOPE ROBIN HOOD DIDN'T SEE US JUMP.

I BET HE THINKS IF WE DIDN'T FLY IN UNDER OUR OWN POWER WE'RE NOT A REAL THREAT.

WELL IN *MY CASE?* HE'S RIGHT TO THINK THAT.

THE AREA LOOKS CLEAR.

IT SOUNDS LIKE THE ASGARDIANS ARE MOSTLY GONE--OSBORN HAS SOMEHOW CUT OFF THEIR RETURN TO THE CITY.

PALADIN...

I COMMEND YOUR ALERTNESS ON SPOTTING THE ARCHER, BUT DO NOT FORGET...

I AM TEAM LEADER. THE CALL TO EJECT WAS *MINE* TO MAKE.

WERE YOU GOING TO *MAKE* IT?!

YOU DO NOT SECOND-GUESS YOUR COMMANDING OFFICER.

AND WHERE IS YOUR HEAD COVER?

I ONLY HAD TIME TO GRAB MY CHUTE, AND THIS ISN'T THE ARMY.

THIS *IS* A FEDERAL MISSION OF TOP LEVEL AUTHORITY! TWO MEN ARE ALREADY *A.W.O.L.* AND I WILL NOT TOLERATE *FURTHER INSUBORDINATION!*

WHAT?!

YOU *KILLED* ONE OF THEM, YOU BLOODY *PSYCHO!*

THAT WAS UNDER A PSYCHIC MANIPULATION--

I DON'T *CARE,* YOU MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE! YOUR MIND IS SO CRACKED YOU CAN'T KEEP IT TOGETHER, AND THAT'S *NOT* MY PROBLEM!

ARE YOU CALLING ME *UNSTABLE,* MR. X?

THAT SOUNDS LIKE *TREASON* TO ME!

PLEASE FIRE THAT AT ME, SO I'M JUSTIFIED IN FLAYING YOU!

NOT THAT IT MATTERS, WITH YOUR SKIN.

HEY, WHEN YOU'RE DONE KILLING EACH OTHER...

...SOMEONE COME HELP PUSH THIS OPEN.

NNNNNHHH...

AH. HUH.

I THOUGHT THEY WERE *LOCKED*-- THEY WERE JUST HEAVY AS *HELL.*

WE BETTER HURRY. I THINK I SAW AN ASGARDIAN HEADING THIS WAY.

WHOA.

ALL LOOKS KIND OF PRIMITIVE.

AND YET... *BEAUTIFUL.*

HEY, THAT LOOKS LIKE THE SYMBOL ON THE SPEAR THE VIDEO SHOWED.

CLEARLY THE MOST IMPORTANT SECTION HERE. MUST BE IT.

GRIZZLY, CLOSE THE DOORS.

NO ONE BELIEVES I MIGHT HAVE SOME BRAINS. =NNGH=

UNBELIEVABLE.

THERE ARE WEAPONS IN HERE THAT I'VE ONLY READ *LEGENDS* OF.

THE CRAFTSMANSHIP-- *SUPERB.* PERFECTLY WEIGHTED.

HAVE ANOTHER ZEUS SENT HERE, WE'VE GOT TO RAID IT *ALL!*

I WOULD STICK TO FAMILIAR ARMAMENT, MR. X.

THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE A LUNATIC THIRD-RATE VERSION OF THE PUNISHER, SCOURGE.

YOUR BULLETS WOULD BE WASTED ON SHIELDS LIKE THIS.

GET IN THERE, O'GRADY.

GRIZZLY, WE'RE GOING TO NEED YOU UP HERE!

MAN, I KNOW WAY MORE ABOUT LOCKS THAN I EVER THOUGHT I WOULD... OR WANTED TO.

CAN YOU GET IT OPEN?

THINK... SO... =GUH=

IT'S MOVING...

CLANG

ARE ALL THE DOORS HERE MINIMUM FIVE TONS? JEEZ.

YEAH...BUT, MARKO?

I THINK IT WAS *WORTH* IT.

BROTHER, THIS ISN'T SOME 24-KARAT PLATED NONSENSE, THIS IS *SOLID GOLD.*

DAY-AMMN.

THIS GOBLET ALONE COULD PROBABLY BUY ME THE SWEETEST RIDE.

O'GRADY.

CAN YOU SHRINK SOME OF THIS GOLD SO WE CAN GET IT OUT?

NEGATORY. WISH I COULD.

MAYBE WE COULD STASH SOME OF IT IN THE TOWN AND COME BACK FOR IT.

WE COULD BE SET FOR *LIFE.*

WHAT WOULD YOU DO *THEN,* MARKO?

ME? STRAIGHT TO THE TROPICS, BUD. EVERYBODY THINKS I LIKE THE NORTH, BUT IT AIN'T SO.

WHAT ABOUT YOU, PALADIN?

HEY, I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR REAL NAME.

IT'S NOT IMPORTANT. BUT MAYBE I'D START USING IT AGAIN, IF WE CAN GET SOME OF THIS BACK.

THEN I WOULDN'T HAVE TO WORK FOR ANYONE ELSE... *EVER.*

SOUNDS GREAT.

BUT YOU *DO* WORK FOR SOMEONE... *NOW.*

OSBORN DIDN'T SAY TO *NOT* HELP OURSELVES ALONG THE WAY.

I FIGURE THAT'S AN EXPECTED MISSION PERK.

BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA

YAH!

I'M TIRED OF THIS *INSUBORDINATION!*

YOU GET BACK TO THE JOB. THIS IS NOT ABOUT *MONEY!*

THE *HELL* IT'S NOT! THE ONLY REASON I'M *ON* THIS TEAM IS BECAUSE IT *PAYS!*

YOU THINK THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS, PALADIN? YOU MAKE ME *SICK.*

IT'S BETTER THAN JUST BEING IN IT TO *KILL...* LIKE *YOU!*

ACTUALLY, THAT'S MR. X YOU'RE THINKING OF.

DIRECTOR OSBORN *NEEDS* THAT SPEAR!

EVERY SECOND COUNTS!

OKAY, OKAY, LET'S DO IT.

I'M ASSUMING IT'S IN THERE.

THAT LOOKS HEAVY.

=NNGGHHH= NOT JUST *LOOKS.*

DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT, PALADIN...

...I'M DOING ALL THE LIFTING *HHHEERE...*

GOT IT!

KLUNG

=KAFF= =KAFF= =KAFF=

YEAH, THAT'S KIND OF BAD-AZZ.

DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH IT'S SUPPOSED TO HELP HERE IN THE 21ST CENTURY, THOUGH.

OSBORN PROBABLY JUST WANTS IT BECAUSE IT WILL LOOK COOL WITH HIS ARMOR.

HEY, IS THAT SOMEONE *YELLING?*

MORTAL WEAPONS BEING FIRED IN THE ARMORY!

EXCELLENT STEALTH, YOU IDIOTS...

SOMEONE HAS NOTICED.

THIEVES ARE RAIDING THE ARMORY OF THE GODS...

...THIEVES THAT WILL DIE TODAY!

KRANG

YOU ARE SO RIGHT, AVENGING GOD-FIGURE.

A MORTAL *DARES* TO ENTER THIS HALL?!

HNNH--

YOUR KIND ARE TREACHEROUS BEYOND MEASURE!

KRHOOMM

THE ASGARDIANS COULD HAVE BEEN THE GREATEST ALLIES OF MAN!

YOU DON'T SAY.

UNFORTUNATELY, WE DON'T RESPECT *MYTHS.*

SHHUNK

WHAT'S HAPPENING? REPORT!

WHAT HAPPENED IS A *LANDMARK* IN MY CAREER, SCOURGE.

I...JUST KILLED...

...A *GOD.*

OH CRAP.

I DON'T EVEN *BELIEVE* IN THIS RELIGION AND I'M SURE THAT'S *NOT COOL* TO DO.

THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE JUST A COVERT--

THE DIRECTOR DIDN'T SAY HOW MUCH FORCE WE ARE TO USE, ONLY THAT THE SPEAR BE RETRIEVED!

NOW WE NEED TO GET IT BEFORE REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE.

TOO LATE, DIRTBAGS.

THEY JUST *DID.*

THE JIG'S UP, LOSERS!

AVENGERS ASSEMBLE!

OH.

$#*%@!

NEXT: THE SPEAR OF DESTINY!

THUNDERBOLTS®

SIEGE™

PARKER • ALVES • PEREIRA • MARTIN

MARVEL

142

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After being appointed the head of H.A.M.M.E.R. – S.H.I.E.L.D.'s replacement organization – Norman Osborn, the reformed villain once known as the Green Goblin, publicly disbanded his hero-hunting Thunderbolts. Unbeknownst to the world at large, Osborn has replaced them with a team of covert operatives answerable only to himself.

THUNDERBOLTS

The Thunderbolts' morale is strained. Paladin, Headsman, and Ghost recently assisted in the escape of the heroes known as Black Widow and Songbird, an act that their teammate Ant-Man witnessed. Now, Ant-Man is eager to escape the clutches of Norman Osborn, even at the expense of his fellow Thunderbolts.

During an encounter with the Agents of Atlas, former S.H.I.E.L.D. Agent Jimmy Woo and the Uranian entered the fractured mind of Scourge, leaving behind a very powerful order: exterminate Norman Osborn on sight. With that, upon returning to the Cube and viewing a hologram of Osborn, Scourge accidentally shot and killed Headsman.

Now the siege of Asgard has begun and Osborn has tasked the Thunderbolts with a vital mission: capture the spear of Odin. But as they prepared to claim their prize, they found themselves face-to-face with the Mighty Avengers.

HEADSMAN

GHOST

PALADIN

MR. X

SCOURGE

ANT-MAN

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WRITER

WELLINTON ALVES
PENCILER

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THUNDERBOLTS, YOUR ACTIONS ARE NOT SANCTIONED BY THE EXECUTIVE OFFICE, AND YOU ARE UNDER CITIZEN'S ARREST...

STATURE

U.S. AGENT

...BY THE MIGHTY AVENGERS!

GRIZZLY

BAD. TIMES.

ANT-MAN

SO YOU'RE THE CAPTAIN AMERICA COPY WHO'S GOT ALL THE STRENGTH, RIGHT?

NOT IMPRESSED.

WHOOOFH--!

KRRNNCH

TAKE OUT *MR. X* AND THE GUY WITH THE HOCKEY MASK-- HE'S *ACTUALLY* NUKE!

THEY'RE THE TWO MOST DEADLY, ACCORDING TO THE FILES.

AMADEUS CHO

THERE ARE *FILES* ON US? IS MY PHOTO UP-TO-DATE?

YEAH, I KNOW YOUR DEAL. THE LOW-LEVEL TELEPATH/FIGHTING EXPERT WHO CAN ANTICIPATE ANY MOVE. BIG WHOOP.

THEN YOU CLEARLY HAVE A *DEATH WISH,* BOY.

YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY A *WOLVERINE.*

AND I'M ON A CAREER HIGH TODAY. I JUST KILLED A *GOD.*

I DON'T... WANT TO HEAR ABOUT *DYING GODS.*

SEE THE FALL OF THE LION OF OLYMPUS IN INCREDIBLE HERCULES #141. -- BEREAVING BILL

NNH!

LAD, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO *SHOOT* THE ARROWS--NOT THAT YOU COULD EVEN DRAW THE STRING ON AN ASGARDIAN BOW!

YOU CAN READ ATTACKS, MR. X.

SO YOU KNOW THOSE ARROWS AREN'T RICOCHETING RANDOMLY...

...I'M DOING ZILLIONS OF CALCULATIONS...

...TO GUARANTEE AN OUTCOME OF *PAIN.*

I CA-- HOW--?

DAMMIT! WHAT ARE YOU THINKING--

SHUNK

SHUNK

THAT'S THE THING. YOU CAN *READ* MY MIND...

...BUT YOU CAN'T *UNDERSTAND* IT.

AAHHH!

HEY!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU *SHIRKING DUTY,* O'GRADY.

I WAS JUST LOOKING FOR A GOOD... UH...PLACE TO *ATTACK* FROM!

YOUR ESPIONAGE DUTY IS DONE. YOU ARE NEEDED AS A *WARRIOR.*

I KNOW YOUR EQUIPMENT WILL LET YOU SIZE UP LIKE HER-- NOW *DO IT.*

BUT...

...I'M NOT REALLY GOOD AT THAT SCALE. IT'S EASIER FOR ME TO WORK SMALL--

THIS ISN'T ABOUT *EASY,* SON! NOW...

GO!

YES, SIR!

UHHHMP!

REMEMBER ME?

OW!

HEY--

LOOK, I KNOW WE GOT AN AGE DIFFERENCE HERE...

YOU.

GET. OFF ME!

I STILL GOT IT...

KLANG

PALADIN.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WORKING FOR NORMAN OSBORN--WITH THESE **PEOPLE?**

GO AWAY, VISION. THIS DOESN'T CONCERN YOU.

ON THE CONTRARY. OSBORN GETTING AHOLD OF A WEAPON COMPARABLE TO THOR'S HAMMER **DOES** CONCERN ME, PALADIN.

IT SHOULD CONCERN **YOU** TOO. WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?

YOU'VE WORKED WITH THE AVENGERS IN THE PAST.

I KNOW YOU'RE A MERCENARY, BUT ONE WITH A CODE OF **HONOR**...AND WE'RE AT A PIVOTAL MOMENT IN HISTORY.

YOU'RE CAPABLE OF GREAT--

I'M CAPABLE OF **A LOT.**

I WARNED YOU, VISION...

...LEAVE ME ALONE!

OH.

HHHMMMMMMMMMMM

NOW *THIS* IS A WEAPON.

YAAAH!

WHA-
TTZZZZ---

KA-BOOM

HUH--?

ВИКИНГИ

IS EVERYONE *OKAY?*

WHAT WAS *THAT?!*

THE SPEAR OF ODIN.

WE HAVE TO GET IT!

IT... ZZZZTT-- HASN'T LANDED YET...

THERE, IT'S ABOUT TO HIT--

--THAT TOWER.

TOOM

TOOM

OH GOOD GOSH-- ALL OF THAT FROM ONE SPEAR?

THE SPEAR OF THE *FATHER* OF THESE GODS.

HERE YOU GO AGAIN HONORING ALL THESE FALSE IDOLS, CHO.

BUT WE DEFINITELY HAVE TO KEEP THAT THING OUT OF THEIR BOSS'S HANDS.

UNACCEPTABLE!

I WILL-- ZZKKZZZ-- AH--

VISION, ARE YOU OKAY?

I WAS INTANGIBLE WHEN THE SPEAR PASSED THROUGH MMMMEE-- BBBBUT--

--SSYZZTEMS IN FLUXX—

JUST TAKE IT EASY, I'LL HELP U.S.AGENT AND GO GET THE SPEAR.

UHF--

I GOT A BETTER IDEA.

CAME TO ME WATCHING THAT TOWER FALL JUST NOW.

NNNHH...

NEED TO LAY OFF THE *PANCAKES*, GIRL...

NNNAAAAH!

KRAAK

NOW YOU KNOW HOW I FELT!

O'GRADY! SCAN WITH YOUR VISOR. DO YOU SEE THE SPEAR?

HOLD ON... YEAH.

LOOKS LIKE IT'S CIRCLING WIDE NOW, NOT REAL FAST. KIND OF LIKE A JET SKI WHEN YOU FALL OFF IT.

COME ON, WE BETTER GET TO IT BEFORE *SCOURGE* OR *X* DO.

YEAH, 'CAUSE...

...YEAH. OKAY. GOOD PLAN.

HEY, FUR COAT!

EH?

NNNNN... *HERE!*

IF YOU CAN'T REMEMBER TO SAY "*STATURE*," YOU CAN TELL EVERYONE LATER THAT *THOR* TOOK YOU OUT!

BOOM

BIGGER POWER...

WOOG. HAD TO PUSH THE LIMIT OF THE GROWTH RANGE TO PICK THAT UP.

BLAM

...AND A BIGGER *TARGET.*

DO *NOT* RAISE ARMS AGAINST A LADY, DIRTBAG.

AAHHH!

BLAM

YOU'RE THE *JOKE* OF A LEADER OSBORN PUT IN CHARGE OF THIS OUTFIT, RIGHT?

HERE. I'LL HOLSTER MY GUN AND MAKE IT A FAIR FIGHT.

AND THEN YOU'RE GOING *DOWN.*

ROGER THAT.

HOOOFH-!

HNNH!

KRAK

YOU'VE BLOWN MY COVER, THAT'S ANOTHER DEMERIT.

WHAT--WHY DO YOU HAVE THE *STARS AND STRIPES* ON YOUR FACE, YOU UNHOLY *FREAK*?!

BECAUSE I'M A *PATRIOT!*

WHAK

HNGH!

THEY USED TO CALL ME *NUKE.* DIRECTOR OSBORN ASSIGNED ME THE NAME *SCOURGE.*

GUH--

BUT I'M MORE THAN ANY *ONE* SOLDIER.

I AM THE DEFENDER OF THE *AMERICAN DREAM!*

AND I AM GOING TO RID THIS COUNTRY OF *INVASIVE ELEMENTS* PER MY ORDERS!

DEAR LORD. AND TO THINK I SUPPORTED OSBORN.

ALL ALONG HE'S BEEN PUTTING *MONSTERS* LIKE YOU IN CHARGE OF THIS NATION'S SECURITY.

YOU THINK YOU'RE A PATRIOT?!

YOU THINK YOU CAN WRAP YOURSELF IN THE FLAG--

KAHK!

--AND *JUSTIFY* YOUR MADNESS?! YOU'RE *EVERYTHING* THAT'S WRONG!

YOU'RE THE AMERICAN *NIGHTMARE!*

NEED... BOOST...

OH, YOU'RE A *PILL POPPER* TOO?

WELL AIN'T THAT JUST PERFECT.

NOW I KNOW I'M ON THE RIGHT SIDE. YOUR KIND...

...NEED TO BE *PURGED!*

EEYAAHHH!

"AMADDDD-EEUSSS... I...NNNEEEEEEDDDD... HELLLPP..."

VISION--WHAT HAPPENED?

THE SSPPEEARR...

HANG ON, VIZH-- I'VE GOTTEN MORE EXPERIENCE WITH THE EFFECTS OF GODLY WEAPONS LATELY...

EVEN THOUGH YOU WERE *INTANGIBLE,* THAT SPEAR PROBABLY FRAGGED YOUR FIRMWARE...

SHOULD JUST TAKE A SEC... THERE'S YOUR UTILITY DRIVE...

...IT MAY VERY WELL BE.

MAN, THE WIND IS REALLY-- *OH.*

THAT... LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THE WORLD.

YES...

RRRNH!

SOMEONE-- *EVERYONE*-- IS GOING TO DIE FOR THIS!

SHRPPP

NOW TO SEE WHAT THESE SIMPLETONS MANAGED TO--

--AH.

OUR QUARRY IS AT HAND.

I'VE GOT IT...

...I'VE *GOT IT!*

NOPE.

YOUR BOSS OSBORN IS *NOT* GETTING HIS HANDS ON THAT.

CRAP!

GIRL, YOU NEED TO GIVE ME A BREAK!

THAT'S THE *POINT!* *YOU* GRAB IT THEN-- AND THROW IT TO *NEBRASKA* FOR ALL I CARE!

JUST KEEP IT *AWAY* FROM HIM!

GOTCHA!

NO.

HUHMP..

IF THE TIN PATRIOT WANTS THIS, HE'LL HAVE TO PRY IT FROM MY COLD, DEAD HANDS.

NNAHG!

GOOD! TAKE THE THING AND GET OUT OF HERE!

IF YOU'RE TRYING TO TRICK ME, YOU--

WHAT IS--

RRRUUMMMMBBBLLL

--NEWS 4 COPTERS HAVE JUST VIDEOED **THE SENTRY** HITTING THE CITY LIKE A **MISSILE**--

--IT'S... IT'S **TOPPLING**... MY GOD, THE ENTIRE CITY IS **FALLING** TO THE **GROUND**!

RRRUUMMMMBBBLLL

GAHH--

DAMMIT!

GO SMALL, GO *SMALL!*

I AM! AND STOP TELLING ME WHAT TO DO... WE MAY HAVE BOTH BEEN IN THE INITIATIVE, BUT NOW YOU'RE A *THUNDERBOLT!*

=KOFF KOFF KOFF=

WHERE... WHERE IS IT...?

THERE!

GOT TO... RETRIEVE...

NO.

THAT IS *MY* MISSION.

MINE ALONE.

SKRRK

YAAHHH!

THIS WEAPON IS PROPERTY OF H.A.M.M.E.R. AND DIRECTOR OF SECURITY OSBORN.

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.

NEXT: THE END OF IT ALL!

THUNDERBOLTS®

SIEGE™

PARKER • SEPULVEDA • MARTIN

MARVEL

143

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After being appointed the head of H.A.M.M.E.R.–S.H.I.E.L.D.'s replacement organization–Norman Osborn, once known as the villainous Green Goblin, publicly disbanded his hero-hunting Thunderbolts. Unbeknownst to the world at large, Osborn then replaced them with a team of covert operatives answerable only to himself.

THUNDERBOLTS

While Asgard - the city of the Norse Gods - is under siege, Osborn charges The Thunderbolts to infiltrate its Armory and capture the Spear of Odin, a weapon rivaling Thor's hammer for destructive power. Alerted to this mission by a leak from Ghost, the Mighty Avengers arrive, determined to keep the spear away from Osborn at all costs.

Seeing firsthand the power of the spear, Paladin and Ant-Man decide to go against orders and reach the weapon before the rest of their team. The battlefield becomes even more deadly when The Sentry brings Asgard crashing to the ground.

The dust clears to reveal a critically wounded USAgent, and over him stands Scourge, wielding the spear in victory...

GHOST

PALADIN

ANT-MAN

GRIZZLY

MR. X

SCOURGE

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WRITER

MIGUEL SEPULVEDA
ARTIST

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WHAT--WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

INTERFACE CORRUPTION?

DATA POWERS AND POWER CELL CORRUPTION DETECTED.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE. EAST ASGARD.

IRON MAN

THE ARMOR YOU **STOLE** FROM ME WILL SHUT DOWN FOR GOOD IN A COUPLE OF SECONDS.

NO!

IRON PATRIOT A.K.A. NORMAN OSBORN

THUNDERBOLTS, COME IN! DO YOU HAVE THE SPEAR OF ODIN?!

THUNDERBOLTS, *ANSWER!*

TECHNICAL 04

08

=KKZZH= I READ YOU, DIRECTOR OSBORN.

THE WESTERN SLOPES OF ASGARD.

I AM ON THE WAY TO YOUR LOCATION.

AND I AM IN POSSESSION OF THE *SPEAR OF ODIN!*

SCOURGE A.K.A. NUKE

MR. X.

THUNDERBOLTS, RUN INTERFERENCE!

GRIZZLY

THE DIRECTOR NEEDS US *NOW!* MOVE, *MOVE!*

PALADIN

PALADIN, BLAZE A PATH.

I WILL, SCOURGE...

THROUGH *YOU.*

ZZRACKK

YAAHHH!

GHOST

GET--GET AWAY FROM THE VISION, YOU *CREEP!*

STOP PHASING THROUGH HIM!

THE VISION

IT WAS MY DATA PACKET THAT YOUR COMPUTER INTERCEPTED, AMADEUS CHO.

WHERE IS HERCULES?

WHERE IS THE MUTANT SPEEDSTER?

THEY ARE WHO ARE NEEDED HERE MOST.

HERC... WON'T BE COMING.

I'VE BEEN *TRYING* TO REACH QUICKSILVER. HE'S PROBABLY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PLANET...

...AND MY *GAMEBOY* IS LOW ON JUICE.

AMADEUS CHO

THEN HAVE A BOOST.

WHZZKK

TRANSIA, EASTERN EUROPE.

HA-HA-HA!

AH!

QUICKSILVER

EH?

BEEPEEPEEP

PIETRO!

WE'RE IN MAJOR TROUBLE-- WE NEED YOU NOW! I'M SENDING YOU OUR COORDINATES AND--

FWOOSH

I'VE GONE FAR ENOUGH WITH THIS!

HYYAAHHH!

FOLLOWING ONE MADMAN WHO FOLLOWS AN EVEN BIGGER MADMAN...

DONE WITH IT. THERE'S NO MONEY WORTH THIS.

AND OSBORN CAN COME AFTER ME HIMSELF IF HE WANTS...

BRZZEEWWwwwww

CRAP. DRAINED CELL!

HUUFFHGH!

FREAKIN' TRAITOR!

THE WHOLE BATTLE CAN TURN ON THIS, AND YOU TRIED TO *BLOW IT.*

I OUGHTA *SKEWER YOU* WITH THIS DAMN THING!

GET AWAY FROM HIM, GRIZZLY!

ERIC O'GRADY A.K.A ANT-MAN

OH, GET REAL. YOU SUDDENLY *CARE* ABOUT YOUR BUDDY?

GO DO WHAT YOU DO BEST, *ANT*-MAN. HIDE UNTIL THE *REAL MEN* HAVE DONE THE JOB.

OKAY... OKAY. THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO.

WHAT ARE YOU--

HIDING.

WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU, YOU LITTLE *FLEA?!*

THE WORD YOU'RE LOOKING FOR IS *ANT*...

MAN.

HERE, LET ME GET IN CLOSE SO YOU CAN HEAR ME.

ANT-MAN!

AYAAAHH!

STOP! STOP! GET OOUT!

WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, GRIZZLY?

HEY, GUESS WHAT I JUST FOUND...

YOUR EAR-DRUM.

EEIYAAGGHH!

STOP--- STOPPPP!

INCOMPETENTS. ALL OF THEM.

DID EVERYONE JUST FEEL THE WHOLE UNIVERSE SHIFT INTO PLACE, LIKE EVERYTHING SUDDENLY JUST MADE SENSE?

THAT'S BECAUSE THE *PERFECT WARRIOR* WAS JOINED WITH THE *PERFECT WEAPON.*

SYSTEMS ON LINE AT MAXIMUM.

OH, CRAP. THIS IS THE WORST-CASE SCENARIO. VISION, I THINK THAT'S IT!

IT IS. THANK YOU, AMADEUS.

STAND BACK. I WILL FACE HIM.

AND YOU WILL BECOME INSTANT JUNK.

COME ON, *ROBOT.* FACE THE ULTIMATE *MAN* IN BATTLE.

I WILL.

VNSH

HA-HA-HA!

YOUR BRAIN MUST BE CLOSE TO HUMAN-- BECAUSE I CAN PICK UP YOUR THOUGHTS!

I KNOW EVERY MOVE ANY OF YOU ARE GOING TO MAKE.

BUT YOU WON'T SEE *MINE* COMING...

LIKE SO.

NOW COMES YOUR PAYBACK FOR THE ARROW STUNT.

DON'T THINK SO.

I'M FINALLY FEELING A NICE ***BREEZE*** AT MY BACK.

AND THAT MEANS MY CALL GOT THROUGH.

YOU HAVE *ONE SECOND* TO PUT THAT SPEAR DOWN.

THANKS, QUICKSILVER.

POINT FIVE SECONDS.

YOU CA--

YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH TIME.

BRING YOUR DAMNED SPEED AT ME!

I AM THE GREATEST WARRIOR WHO EVER *LIVED!*

I KNOW. I HEARD YOUR DOSSIER AS I CROSSED THE OCEAN.

YOU HAVE SUPREME FIGHTING SKILL.

I'M ACTUALLY *NOT* THAT GREAT OF A FIGHTER.

YOU HAVE THE WEAPON OF ODIN THE ALL-FATHER.

I HAVE SOME PIECE OF IRON DEBRIS I FOUND LYING NEARBY.

YOU'RE A MUTANT, TOO. YOU CAN READ MINDS ENOUGH TO PREDICT ANY ATTACK YOUR OPPONENT WILL MAKE.

SO YOU WILL BE ABLE TO--

AA--

--ANTICIPATE EVERY MOVE I MAKE--

--AA--

--AND DO ABSOLUTELY--

--AHH--

--HGG!

--NOTHING ABOUT IT--

--BECAUSE I--

--AM--

--THE--

--FASTEST--

--MAN--

--ON--

--EARTH.

AND YOU ARE THE *LEAST* DANGEROUS MAN ON THE PLANET.

HHGGHHH... AAGHH... =KOFF=

OH, HOW I WISH I COULD STAY AND LOOK AT MR. X SMASHED UP. I'VE IMAGINED IT SO MANY TIMES.

LOOK OUT, THERE'S A COUPLE MORE!

STATURE

SHOULD WE SAY IT?

NAH, I'VE GOT ANOTHER BATTLE CRY THAT WOULD WORK HERE.

MIGHTY AVENGERS...

...TAKE THEM DOWN!

KRAK

VZZZAMM

=KAFF KAFF=

MY SYSTEMS... FRIED...

I MEANT TO TELL YOU TO TAKE IT EASY ON THE GHOST GUY--

HE HELPED ME BOOST MY SIGNAL-- AND HE'S THE ONE THAT LEAKED ALL THE INFO ABOUT OSBORN'S THUNDERBOLTS PROGRAM.

I KNOW. I JUST ACCESSED HIS SUIT'S NETWORK.

HE ALSO RECENTLY TRIED TO KILL TONY STARK.

A VERY **CONFLICTED** INDIVIDUAL.

AHHN...

WALKER IS STILL ALIVE, BUT HE'S IN SHOCK-- WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?!

SCOURGE NAILED HIM WITH THAT SPEAR.

WHICH IS GONE AGAIN. WITH THE FINAL TWO THUNDERBOLTS.

I CAN FIND THEM.

LET'S JUST GET WALKER SOME MEDICAL ATTENTION THEN HIT THE CONFLICT.

IF THEY'RE TRYING TO GET THE SPEAR TO OSBORN, THAT'S WHERE HE'LL BE.

YES. CAPTAIN AMERICA NEEDS US THERE.

MAKES SENSE.

BUT I DON'T THINK THOSE LAST THUNDERBOLTS ARE THAT *LOYAL.*

I SAW PALADIN EMPTY HIS GUN INTO THIS GUY'S FACE.

CHANGE OF HEART, MAYBE?

PRETTY SURE THESE THUNDERBOLTS DON'T *HAVE* HEARTS.

MIGHTY AVENGERS...

...SEIZE THE DAY!

WE'RE CLEAR. THEY'RE OFF TO THE *BIG SHOW.* I GUESS WE COULD HAVE HANDED IT OVER.

YEAH, AND IF OSBORN WINS, IMAGINE THE NEW KINDS OF *TORTURE* HE'D INVENT FOR US.

SO WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THAT?

I'M GETTING AS FAR AWAY FROM OSBORN AND H.A.M.M.E.R. AS I CAN. YOU CAN'T JUST *STASH* SOMETHING LIKE THIS.

I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE IT DOESN'T END UP IN THE WRONG HANDS.

DUDE, I GOTTA SAY...

THAT SOUNDS DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO... *NOBLE.*

DON'T TELL ANYONE, OKAY?

THAT KIND OF TALK GETS OUT, NO ONE WILL EVER *PAY* ME AGAIN.

GOOD LUCK, O'GRADY. SEE YOU AGAIN SOME DAY.

GOOD LUCK--

HEY, I NEVER KNEW YOUR *NAME!*

YES, YOU DID.

IT'S *PALADIN.*

"YOU'VE SEEN IT ON TV. IT WAS THE BATTLE TO END THEM ALL. I WISH I HAD STUCK AROUND TO WATCH IT MYSELF.

"BUT I WOULD HAVE GOTTEN THE SAME TREATMENT AS THE REST OF THE THUNDERBOLTS. THEY ALL WENT TO PRISON-- OR THE ***HOSPITAL*** ON THE WAY TO PRISON.

"EXCEPT THE GUY WITH NO REAL NAME. GOD KNOWS WHERE HE IS NOW.

"BEING ONE OF THE MOST HUNTED MEN ON EARTH, I EXPECT."

LOUISIANA. TWO WEEKS LATER.

HUH. I HAD NO IDEA MY BROTHER WAS INVOLVED IN ALL THAT, ERIC.

YEAH, HIS LAST DAYS AS HEADSMAN WERE PRETTY CLASSIFIED.

ANYWAY. CLEAVON TOLD ME YOU LIVED OUT HERE AND I...

...I THOUGHT YOU SHOULD *KNOW.*

SORRY, I'VE NEVER DONE THIS BEFORE.

HERE.

THIS WAS ALL HE HAD, BUT IT'S A LOT.

MAYBE YOU CAN PUT IT TO GOOD USE.

I THINK THAT'S WHAT HE WISHED *HE'D* DONE.

AND I ALSO THINK HE LOOKED UP TO YOU, CODY... SO MAYBE...

...YOU CAN *REDEEM* HIM SOME.

IT'S ALL MADE ME THINK PRETTY HARD ABOUT MY *OWN* CHOICES...

...AND I'M GOING TO START MAKING SOME BETTER MOVES MYSELF.

GOOD LUCK, GUY.

A HERO...

THE RAFT. OFF THE COAST OF MANHATTAN.

THAT'S A PRETTY BIG TOWER. THAT'S WHERE YOU'LL BE?

YEAH.

IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE WORKING ON *EVERYTHING* HERE.

THEY'RE OVERHAULING THE WHOLE PLACE. YOU WOULDN'T *BELIEVE* WHO ALL HAS GIVEN INPUT ON THE NEW SYSTEM.

RICHARDS, PYM. STARK OF COURSE.

I HOPE IT WON'T HURT YOUR FEELINGS IF DANI AND I DON'T COME BY FOR LUNCHES.

OH-HO, NOOO. I DON'T WANT YOU TWO *NEAR* THIS PLACE.

THAT'S ONE OF THE MAIN REASONS I TOOK THIS JOB. I DON'T WANT MY GIRLS AROUND THE HOT SEAT *EVER AGAIN.*

I'LL BE HOME BY DINNERTIME MOST NIGHTS.

LUKE, ARE YOU SURE THIS IS WHAT YOU *WANT?*

IT IS, JESS.

I'VE HAD A GOOD RUN BRINGING *DOWN* SOME OF THE BIGGEST PERPS ON THE PLANET.

BUT THAT DOESN'T LAST. THEY KEEP COMING BACK.

NOW I WANT TO TRY BRINGING SOME OF THEM *UP.*

CAGE

NEXT: *LIKE LIGHTNING!*

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